

## don't let this be the end

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## don't let this be the end

by [s\\_and\\_n\\_write](#)

### Summary

Sometimes, Peter Parker felt a little sad.

Thinking back, it was nothing at first. There was only the feeling of being under the weather, something he often experienced when high school wore him down. He had bad days, like everyone else, and that was valid.

How did he go from there to...here? His feet dangling off the bridge, his heartbeat quick and fast, knowing that one slide, one push right off the edge would end him forever?

It was... a long story.

# chapter one

## Chapter Notes

hey guys! im back! i didn't post fics here for a while (s, the other person that runs this acc, did) but yea, it's been a while! i was a lot more active on tumblr (even posted a bunch of fics there) so yep!

without further ado i present don't let this be the end!

hey that rhymed heh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sometimes, Peter Parker felt a little sad.

Thinking back, it was nothing at first. There was only the feeling of being under the weather, something he often experienced when high school wore him down. He had bad days, like everyone else, and that was valid.

But this day was different.

Somehow he'd ended up at an empty bridge after patrol at 1 am, when the bridge was silent and all was still.

He'd taken off his mask as he stood over the ledge to quiet Karen, who'd been reminding Peter of all the good things in his life. It was like she had instinctively known why he stared down into the water, like she'd known that he couldn't swim and that drowning was his worst fear, like she had known what he thought of doing.

But it wasn't like he was going to jump.

Right?

Peter brushed away the tears in his eyes, and sat against the metal bars, his feet over the ledge. Taking off his web shooters, he placed them by his side.

You know, just in case.

He leaned his head back. Lately his days were full of flashbacks that triggered his panic attacks. Vivid images of Ben, of Mr. Stark's near-death state, of Toomes and the building burying him alive were fresh in his mind. Nights were no better, because the same memories occupied his dreams, and he always woke up screaming.

Peter sighed. He'd been so happy, so...full of life. How did he go from there to...here? His feet dangling off the bridge, his heartbeat quick and fast, knowing that one slide, one step right off the edge would end him forever?

*Right*, he reminded himself, standing up and looking down, *one step*.

*One step*, he thought, *one step and I won't be a burden to May*.

He remembered when he was up late one night, doing a school project he didn't have time to do before. He was focused, and the quietness of the city compared to daytime helped him. Because of the vast difference in noise, his senses tingled just as the door opened and May came in. She was close by, so he could hear everything she did.

It was nothing new. May had late night shifts once every so often, and Peter knew that, so he minded his own business, keeping quiet so she wouldn't know he was still up. Spidermanning wasn't supposed to interfere with his school work, so if May knew, she'd freak out, and probably ground him for the rest of his life.

And then he heard it.

The crying.

Peter was confused at first, seeing as he and May were the only ones in the apartment, but then it occurred to him that *May* could've been the one crying.

The thought was...weird. He hadn't seen her cry since Ben's funeral, and even then she'd hid it from him, so he only saw a few tears.

He snuck out of his room to where May was, peeking around the corner to see her sitting at the table with her head in her hands, bills sprawled out in front of her.

“F\*\*k,” she said to herself, quietly sobbing, “There’s not enough, there’s not...”

Peter trembled. Why hadn’t he noticed before? May was always tired, constantly had bags under her eyes, and was taking shifts left, right, and center.

Was it because of him? Was he the weight she had to carry? Was the reason she cried because she couldn’t afford as much as she was giving him?

He glanced at May again.

The obvious answer was yes.

Peter retreated to his room, tears in his eyes. He was a burden to May, and it was because of him that she was crying.

It was all because of him.

*One step and my friends won’t have to deal with me.*

Peter remembered the last time he had been out to patrol. He was supposed to go home afterwards, but a random thug had shot his shoulder, and he was then nursing a bullet wound in his arm as he made his way to Ned’s house.

He didn’t know where else to go.

Mr. Stark would’ve gotten mad, and so would May. The longer he could hide this, the better, and Ned had taken a First Aid class for him anyway.

Turns out, bullet wounds aren't really covered in First Aid.

"Hold still!" Ned pressed on as he tried to take the bullet out.

Peter hissed. There was no pain medicine he could take that would make a big difference, so Peter just had to deal with the ache in his arm as Ned dug around inside. As he removed it, Ned grabbed the gauze and started wrapping the wound, preventing any more blood from flowing out until Peter's self-healing could kick in.

At least, that's what Google said.

After treating the injury, Ned made sure to scold Peter for getting shot in the first place (as May would've wanted him to), and Peter felt more and more remorseful as Ned talked.

He shouldn't have come and made his friend worried.

*One step and Mr. Stark will be happy.*

The last time Peter had seen Mr. Stark was when he was over at the Avengers Tower. He'd said hi to most of the Avengers, and he ran down to Tony's lab to finish working on his new suit.

He had waited for a while for Mr. Stark, but when he didn't show, Peter decided to work on the suit alone. He'd been so concentrated that his spidey senses didn't tingle when arm grabbed him from behind, and right on the spot of the gunshot wound.

Peter tried to stifle his gasp of pain, and turned around to look for the person behind him.

It was Mr. Stark.

S\*\*t.

"What. Happened. *Spill.* " Mr. Stark said, a hard look in his eyes. There was no doubt that Mr. Stark had only grabbed his arm as a harmless prank, but unfortunately, it had gone in the wrong

direction.

“W-what do you mean? Nothing happened,” Peter said, giving an unconvincing reply and mentally preparing himself for the lecture that was about to follow.

“Underoos...” Mr. Stark threatened. Peter shrank back, and lifted up his sleeve.

“So, I-uh, I *might’ve* gotten shot..but it’s fine! First aid done and everything! No need to worry, Mr. Stark!”

Peter laughed nervously as Mr. Stark glared at him, raising a single eyebrow and sighing loudly.

“Jesus Pete, you need to come to the Tower for injuries! You've obviously treated it alone or with someone who doesn't know a thing about first aid, from what I can tell. How many times do I have to tell you that this is irresponsible and risky! I thought you knew better than that!” Mr. Stark sternly scolded, rubbing his temples.

Peter shrunk under his gaze.

His mentor sighed again. “Go down to Cho right now, no whining,”

“I don’t whine,” Peter mumbled, clutching his arm and heading out of the lab.

The tears in Peter’s eyes refused to cease as he walked out of the room. Tony, however mad he had gotten in the past, had never yelled at him before, and this was an experience he so desperately wanted to forget.

Peter sighed. How many mistakes had he made? Going to Ned’s, having him treat the gunshot wound, not going to the Tower, lying to Mr. Stark and May, the list was endless.

He’d gotten everyone worried. He couldn’t do anything right.

~~So what if he didn’t try anymore?~~

Peter sniffled at the memory, and gripped the edge of the bridge, ready to push off. It was the last straw, the turning point, the only time when everything became too much and he had nothing left to give.

*One step...* Peter smiled, fresh tears running down his face, *and everything will be better.*

He forced down any last thoughts of regret, feeling empty as he stared down at the water below.

And then he did it. Peter clenched his fists, and took the last step.

But the water never hit.

## Chapter End Notes

and i oop-

don't worry, the second part for this will come soon, but did you like it? leave a comment, a kudos, or a bookmark (or all three heh... jk lol...unless?)

follow us on tumblr at @s-and-n-writes, aaandd thats it! have a wonderful day y'all, see you guys soon!

## chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

happy new year!!!! (i hope 2021 is better than 2020 \*cries\*)

sorry for being late with this, i knew what to do but i didn't really feel motivated to write :( but anyway, here it is!!! :D  
hope this lived up to your expectations! enjoy ;)

- n

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter didn't feel so good.

A minute ago, he was on a bridge. A minute ago, he was safe.

And now? Now, he wasn't.

Overwhelming static filled his head. The soothing rays of the moon were all too bright, the wind behind his ears was too quick and too fast, and the sounds of the city drowned him with them.

Why wasn't it over all ready?

Mumbling, he closed his eyes.

If his mind wasn't overwhelming him, he would have noticed the world around him had changed. The wind that once pushed him down now travelled left as he moved, and the loud sounds of repulsors echoed in his ears.

The most coherent thought that he managed to have was oddly enough, about math.

*Factoring in my weight, the wind speed, gravity, and height, I should have hit the water by now, he remembered. I can't even do math right.*

The thought was like a knife, chipping down his self-esteem little by little. The idea that he wasn't even good at something simple, like math, was too much.

But then again, lately these days, everything was too much.

Peter felt detached and numb, his mind wandering against his will. What else had he thought he was good at? Where else had he failed?

*Peter*, a faint voice called. *Peter!*

*Voices? That's all in your head, all in your head*, Peter thought, *who would like you enough to save you?*

The answer was really quite simple.

Tony.

(Along with Ned, May, M.J, a handful of Avengers, a couple of his classmates and a bunch of other people who he had saved as Spiderman, but that didn't really occur to Peter at the moment.)

And so, the static in Peter's head was interrupted.

"Peter!" someone called again, "Peter,"

Peter held a breath. So...it was Tony.

But instead of feeling relieved, Peter sobbed harder, since there was only one thing that he remembered.

*Tony's going to figure out how **broken** I am.*

Suddenly, everything became too much. The gentle moonlight burned harsher against his closed eyes, the Spider Suit grated against his skin, and he suddenly started hearing every sound in a 5-mile radius. He became aware of the repulsors next to him, which blew harshly against his ears.

Everything was too much, too much, *too much* .

The rest of the world turned to black, as Peter collapsed in Tony's arms.

<h/>

The Medbay's waiting room was cold as Tony sat in silence.

It hadn't been long since...it happened. The whole thing was a blur, to be honest. All Tony remembered was FRIDAY alerting him about Peter's AI (the kid had named her Karen, right?) sending out distress signals. Tony was worried, and a little confused. He had been working on a new project, and it was late (much to Pepper's dismay), so there shouldn't have been a reason for why Peter had been outside.

Nevertheless, he knew the kid had a tendency to spend a little too much time on patrols, so he pressed once on the bracelet around his wrist, and let the nanotechnology engulf him, his heart rate rising quickly.

Tony didn't quite know the rest.

He knew that he'd found Peter just when he had jumped fallen off a bridge (Whether he'd fallen or not, Tony refused to say jumped. It brought back painful memories, and deep inside, Tony knew it was the truth.), and that they had flown immediately back to the Tower.

Thank god for FRIDAY. She had been the one to set a course back to the Tower (Tony was little preoccupied at the moment) and she was the one who had called Dr. Cho.

Tony sighed, and pressed his fingers against the bridge of his nose. The kid was hurt.

And somehow, Tony couldn't help but think that it was his fault.

Footsteps in the corridor was what brought him back to the present. *May*.

He stood up as she came in, obviously in the middle of working. Her eyes were puffy and her mascara stained, but at the moment, it was clear that both of them could care less.

"Hi, Tony," she whispered, a pained smile on her face.

Tony nodded. "Yep, hi, been a while,"

She chuckled bitterly. "It has, hasn't it? That was supposed to be a good thing. Here I thought he had finally settled in, was having the time of his life, when he was really just hurt. And hey, me being the stellar aunt that I was, I didn't know,"

"Hey, hey, hey, don't say that, Peter's a good kid, maybe too good sometimes. We both know that he didn't want to tell you because he didn't want to burden you,"

"That's...true. But he's my only nephew, Tony. The only one I have. It's *my* job to protect him, not the other way around!"

"And you know that, and I know that, but he doesn't," Tony sighed.

May sniffled in response. "Is he-can I see-"

"Not yet," Tony said, shaking his head. "Believe me, I tried. Cho's good. She wouldn't let me in,"

May looked away. "Is he hurt?"

Tony sighed again, clasping his hands together. "No, just shaken. He had a sensory overload, they're keeping him there until his senses dial down,"

“Believe me,” Tony continued, “He wants to see you. He’s scared and confused and wondering about what’ll happen, but he wants to see you. We’re just...waiting until he’s ok for that to happen,”

May looked away, clutching her handbag closer to her. “You seem like you speak from experience. Did you-”

“Yea,” Tony cut in. “One time. Tenth grade.”

May sighed. “I am so sor—”

“Don’t be. Only thing I wished was for my parents to be there, and hey, Peter has that,”

“Yeah,” May smiled. “Yea...”

<h/>

Peter woke up to a dimmed room, cheeks wet and heart beating fast. He was in a bed, a *soft* bed, and for a moment, he didn’t realize anything was wrong.

Until everything caught up with him.

He was—he was supposed to—

A gentle hand took his own. “Peter?”

It was then that Peter realized that there were people sitting next to him. Turning, he found that they were just May and Tony.

May and Tony.

That wasn't good.

If they were here, that meant—

“Are you okay honey?” May asked, her brown eyes searching his for any sign of discomfort.

“I-I'm fine,” Peter stammered. “Where am I?”

“Medbay kid,” Tony replied.

He stood up. “You gave us a fright,”

Peter looked away. “I wasn't supposed to,”

May smiled patiently at him. “What?”

“J-just, I wasn't supposed to. I wasn't even supposed to do this, be here. You weren't supposed to know,” Peter cried. The tears flowed again, and he hid his face in his hands. “*God I'm so stupid,*”

May sighed, still smiling, and sat on Peter's bed. She brought his hands from his face, and rubbed soothing circles onto them. “Peter, honey, you are the smartest kid I know, and even kids as sweet as you feel bad sometimes,”

“But I made you worried. ME! I'm Spider-man! Which kid would want to know that Spider-man jumped off a bridge last night?”

Tony walked across the room to sit next to Peter. “Move over kid,”

Peter turned to look at him.

“Listen, everyone can have bad days sometimes. Spider-man can have bad days sometimes. Hell, I

have bad days sometimes. It doesn't mean I bury those feelings. I talk to people. It helps, kid,"

Peter nodded, still sobbing. "You guys must hate me,"

May reached to tuck a stray curl away from his head. "No, never Peter. You're my favorite nephew, who'd want to hate someone like you,"

Peter rolled his eyes in protest, wiping away the tears. "I'm your *only* nephew,"

May waved her hand. "Details, details,"

Peter curled up the edge of his lips in a makeshift smile, one that would hopefully lead to a real one.

"Is it ok if... maybe I could get a hug?" Peter asked then, hands twitching nervously.

"Bring it in, kid," Tony smiled. The embrace was soft and sweet, and Peter felt happier than he had in a long time.

"Thank you guys," Peter sighed. "Now I gotta call Ned, he probably wants to know why I'm not in school today,"

"Go ahead," May said, standing up. "I'll wait outside,"

"And I'll get the Avengers down here," Tony nodded. "That is, if you're ok with seeing them and telling them about this,"

Peter looked down at his hands. "It's ok, but can I tell them about this whole thing later? Say I got injured as Spider-Man instead?"

Tony tilted his head, gently clapping Peter on the back and standing up. "You're the boss, kid,"

Peter nodded. “Thanks Mr. Stark,”

Tony and May left the room just as Peter leaned back, closing his eyes while a small smile edged its way onto his face.

*Everything was going to be ok.*

## Chapter End Notes

how was it? if you liked this then maybe leave a comment, or a kudos, or a bookmark (hehe, or maybe all three \*gasps\*). i run this acc with someone else (her name's s) and our tumblr is @s-and-n (our main) and @s-and-n-writes (our writing tumblr, there's a link to both in our bio!)

to people you commented last time, thank you. you guys are AMAZING and i keep rereading your comments for motivation heh ♥

**thank you guys for reading, and i'll see you guys next time! bye!**

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!